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NOT A BAD WORLD AFTER ALL.

WE have heard much in literature and in common conversation of the badness and hardness of the world. I feel inclined to take up an opposite strain, and lay down the proposition that it is not a bad or a hard world at all, but, on the contrary, a very passable, respectable sort of world, everything considered. Some people have a genius for seeing the bad sides of things, and a remarkable destiny for encountering mischances and experiencing ill treatment at the hands of their fellow-creatures. Some not ill-meaning people are of a naturally sombre and fearful temperament, and rarely see things in a pleasant point of view. Some are oppressed with unduly melancholic notions as to human life and destiny in general, as if the going out of the world were far more than sufficient to annul all the benefits consequent upon having come into it. These are eccentricities and exceptive cases. The general vote of mankind, expressed not in their words, but practically in their actions, is, that the world is an agreeable world to live in. There are few that plainly say so—just as there are few people who tell you they are rich or well off; but just as we know that nevertheless there are many rich and well-off people, so may we be sure that, notwithstanding the general silence on the pleasantness of mortal life, there are multitudes who feel that it is a fact of nature, and one much to be rejoiced in too.

One gentleman was speaking to another one day on the many serious things which daily came under his attention, when the other said, 'You, my friend, seem to see only a dismal solemnity in the external world. It is strange how differently I am constituted. I see an immense fund of merriment and pleasantries in nature. Creation laughs, to my apprehension.' The solemn gentleman only shook his head. Yet though it may be readily admitted that any one who sees *only* merriment in nature, sees very imperfectly, it is at the same time quite true that the comic is one of the aspects of the natural world, as well as the beautiful and the sublime. There are arrangements to bring the smile to the cheek as well as the tear to the eye.

It would be trite to dwell at any length on the vast number of obviously enjoyable things which surround us in our worldly position—the endless delights of the woods, fields, and streams—the ever-varying beauty of the sky, through day and night—the seasons, each in its turn so fitted to yield us pleasure. But it must be admitted by the most zealous of the school of Heraclitus, that these broad and conspicuous features of the world we live in are calculated to gratify the children of men. And is not this much? 'Yes,' it may be replied; 'but see, nevertheless, how full life is of toil and care, all resulting in wretchedness!' But is it really so, or is it irremediably so?

You speak of toil as a hardship. Now it may be reasonably argued that toil is no hardship at all. The working-people are the happy people of this world. The idle are a set of unfortunates, who can only be viewed by a rational mind with pity. Oh God, give us work, lest we die! might be a very general prayer. Labour a hardship! why, it is the very essence of human happiness. Admitted that, when carried to excess, and unchecked by amusement, it makes Jack a dull boy. But there is no absolute need to carry it to excess. Nature, left to herself, would be a faithful Ten-Hours'-Bill for all her children. It is not so clear that these children of hers would set to work, or keep steadily at it, merely for the pleasure of working; for, strange to say, most men would rather idle, notwithstanding its certain resulting in their unhappiness. Let us not wonder overmuch at a perversity which makes us insensible to our best advantages. See, however, how Providence has contrived, by the premiums put upon work, to prompt us into what is so greatly beneficial. We must work if we would have the means of life. In yielding to this condition, we secure at once the supply of our necessities and the cheerfulness of our days. Right labour, accordingly, is always a merry thing. Hear Lubin whistling at his team: peep into the blacksmith's shop, and listen to the song whose cadences coincide with those of the hammer. Even a weaver's shop used to be a cheerful scene, as the men made the minstrel's lay keep time with their own, or sustained amid the din of shuttles an animated chat about the news of the day. For my part I know nothing more delightful than to hear the laugh and song which often accompany hard work. Mary's ditties in the kitchen may sometimes be a little annoying up stairs; but yet I should, for one, be loath to forbid them. It is a human heart obeying a glorious and a beautiful law—that cheerfulness comes with duty. Let the poor girl sing on.

As to care, there is much of it doubtless in the world, and it can never be entirely dismissed without an abandonment of reflection itself. Care, however, in a right measure, is only another kind of occupation. It is one of the means of that regulated employment of our faculties which is essential not merely to a happy, but even to a tolerable life. For instance, there is care attending a charge of children—an incessant tissue of it, from their first entrance into this life to your own going out of it. But yet is it not confessed by the voice of nature to be a pleasing burthen? And does not a woman who has the good fortune to be a mother appear, in the generality of instances, better able to secure, by the fulfilment of her duty, the desired happy life for herself, than she to whom this charge has been denied? This I believe to be a question which will not stand a debate. It is God who has laid down the proposition in our hearts: against it we can at the utmost hear the words

of some eccentric thinker, liable to be changed to-morrow. Care increases with wealth of worldly goods, but that is simply a penalty annexed to having where others want. It is voluntarily incurred, and may be at any time dismissed by dismissing the cause. No one chooses to dismiss the cause, a clear sign that this kind of care is not intolerable. The fact is, that such care, like every other, has its utility and a certain bearing on our happiness. There is first the care for a bare subsistence—itsself a part of subsistence, in the healthy stimulus which it gives. When this is set at rest by increase of wealth, the human being would feel a sad want in his condition if the care of his wealth did not supply the place of the former care for subsistence. It is possible, indeed, to carry this care to a vice, and to be miserable under it; but the abuse is no argument against the use.

Still, says the disciple of Heraclitus, there is an immense quantity of misery in the world. True, but the quantity is not necessary or fixed. It is capable of indefinite diminution, in the particular as well as the general. Men make miseries for themselves through ignorance and unregulated impulses. Disease is but the exponent of disobedience to the rules of health. The greater vexations and trials of life for the most part spring directly from culpable error. Let men be enlightened as to the bearings of the external world on their own happiness, and trained to right observances regarding each other, and a vast proportion of the evils from which they suffer would be extinguished. The enjoyment of a sane mind in a sound body is the general offering of Providence to its creatures. The legitimate exercise of every one of the human faculties is a destined source of enjoyment. Suffering is only the penalty appointed to prompt us to keep in that right course which will give us happiness. We have but to take the hint, to be happy. We may well believe that, in such a system, there never can be an entire extinction of misery; but we may be equally convinced that it might be reduced to such a point, that the outcry about the miseries of this life would almost cease to be heard.

Even amidst all the sufferings we do experience, how cheerful common life appears! Memory is kindly faithless, to save us from endless regrets. Time softens the sternest griefs. The fingers of Hope are continually at work, irradiating the future with her roseate dyes. Jocularity, a less dignified, but scarcely less obliging goddess, lends her aid to turn off the hard sides and sharp edges of passing things. The cheering sense of duty well performed—the bustle and excitement of the ever-varying social scene—the very delusions we often are under about the importance of our own little doings—all help to make this, on the whole, a happy world. It is true 'all wait the inevitable hour;' and this is, or ought to be, a serious consideration. Nature, however, does not make it a painfully-serious consideration to minds in a healthy state. The day is kindly hidden. Surprise is sometimes expressed that we do not reflect every hour that we are one nearer the end of our present being; let us rather admire the goodness of Infinite Wisdom, by which it has been arranged that we are not haunted in this manner with a constant needless pain, that one day appears the just equal of another, not the next in one rigidly-definite series from which its deduction is palpable, and that life is thus spared from being poisoned all through by death. But even death itself is not necessarily to be regarded with alarm. Call it 'kind nature's signal of retreat.' To him who has passed through all the phases of a complete natural life, this retreat is felt rather as a blessing than an evil, because the world, then ceasing to have its wonted charm, is felt as no longer an appropriate field. The spirit that has long communed with God at the distance imposed by life, longs for the more intimate communion which can only be obtained far elsewhere, and in totally different conditions. That in such circumstances there is such a thing as welcoming death, is surely not sur-

prising. Let us, then, not hear of it as a condemnation of life to perpetual gloom, that it must cease. It actually is not so, and it cannot be made so. Human nature, in spite of every mistaken fancy that may beset it, asserts its right to cheerfulness as the rule or staple of life, not as Epicureans, but as considerate and dutiful men would seek it.

Well, says the gloomy philosopher, granting all this, it is still a horrible world of selfishness, deceitfulness, uncharitableness, oppression, and every wickedness. Quite a mistake. On the very contrary, it could easily be shown to be a world full of charity and kindness, just and true-hearted in the main, knowing oppression chiefly to express abhorrence of it. Considering the difficulties which attend the getting a position or appointment for independent and honest subsistence in so densely-peopled an earth, it might even be asserted that the amount of crime is more wonderful for its smallness than its greatness. Can we believe that this is all owing to the terror of punishment? Is not much of it rather attributable to the love of rectitude for its own sake, and the horror of turpitude and its self-punishing degradation? There is developed, in the shock of conflicting interests, much harshness and mutual hostility; but see, on the other hand, the humanity which leavens and tempers all, the courtesies exacted of the bitterest political warfare, the readiness after the worst collisions to return to amicable relations, to forget and to forgive. Men are enemies or opponents only with their heads; in their hearts they are all friends. Common social life, in its best forms, is one scene of forbearance and courtesy—it could not be otherwise and exist. Family life is nearly one entire scene of gentle affections. There is scarcely a human being who has not occasion every day to perform some obliging action towards some of his fellow-creatures, and who does not do this cheerfully? It is a baseless cant that the rich are cold towards the poor. The very reverse is true. It is a fact too palpable to require illustration, that there is a vast stream of money and good offices continually pouring down along society—perhaps more than does the poor true good. The very institution of poor-laws is a profession and practice of humanity sufficient to rebut the charge of universal selfishness. Society thereby proclaims that it will, at all hazards, save the worst and weakest from every chance of an absolute want of the necessities of life.

As to the single charge of deceitfulness or unconscientiousness, it seems strange that any such should be preferred in sweeping terms, as is often done, when we reflect upon the vast extent to which we are all trusting each other in our commercial and other worldly relations, without any but the most occasional loss or suffering therefrom. At a time when society was in its infancy, and every man's possessions were bounded by the walls of his wigwam, there might have been some scope for such a charge; but in an age of banks, credits, distant consignments, contra accounts, and cross reckonings, the existence of these very things is its all-sufficient refutation.

It may seem very absurd to pretend to meet any general charge with one contravening case; but having lately met a touching anecdote of pure human goodness, of a modest yet romantic kind, I cannot resist the inclination to bring it forward, as in itself some defence of human nature, suitable to the present occasion. It occurred in a letter of the Paris correspondent of the *Atlas* newspaper towards the end of November 1849:—'The death of Mademoiselle V—, known by the name of Coralie, an actress of one of the smaller theatres of the Boulevards, has been the means of bringing to light one of those domestic dramas which have abounded amid all the other *mystères de Paris*. In consequence of the death of her parents, the poor girl had at an early age been thrown upon the tender care of an aged grandmother, whose blunted faculties, stunned by the Revolution of 1830, had never been able to comprehend the exile of the Bourbons, nor the sudden downfall of her

own fortunes, which had reduced her from a brilliant existence about the person of "Madame" to the seeking a livelihood through her own resources. It would appear that nothing had been saved from the wreck, no provision made against such unexpected misfortune. The old countess scorned to seek for aid, and gradually sold every article of luxury, every token of her former splendour, in order to procure an existence for herself and grandchild, always with the belief that the misery was but for a moment, and that "Madame" was *entournee*, and would soon return. The child, who had, it appears, manifested a great talent for music, had, however, attracted the attention of the porter of the house where the countess resided, and who, aware of the great straits to which the family were reduced, and the delusion under which the grandmother was labouring, good-naturedly succeeded in interesting another lodger in the child's favour. This man was the stage-manager of the Petit Lazare, the lowest theatre in Paris; and here, unknown to the old countess, did she make her *début* as a drummer-boy in one of those military pieces the delight of the lower orders. From that hour has the girl been the whole and sole support of her grandmother and herself—the former never dreaming whence arose the comparative ease and comfort which surrounded her, and readily believing that it came from the *souvenir* and bounty of "Madame." They say it was a sight to melt the most stony heart to witness the pride and joy of the old woman when she beheld her child attired in all her stage trappings—her tinsels and her spangles—in the belief that she had been summoned to the Tuileries, to attend the *patinnes* of "Mademoiselle;" for to her the daughter of the Duc de Berry had remained still the child she had left her in 1830; and what was more mysterious still, the fancy and the pious invention with which poor Coralie would describe the visit to royalty, on her return to their humble garret after the evening's performance. Such a scene as this gives more hope in human nature than all the lessons which philosophy has ever breathed.

Yes, the reader may depend upon it, it is not so bad a world after all. Further, he may be very sure that those who think the best of it are those who are most likely to make it still better.

THE PIRATE IN THE OFFING.

THE city of Alexandria, usually so dull and listless, was thrown one morning quite into a state of excitement by the news that a pirate brig was tacking off the entrance of the harbour. Of course the sentiment of fear had no share in causing the agitation that went on gradually increasing, for a population of seventy thousand souls, defended by a vast system of fortifications, may smile at the approach even of a Black Beard or a Paul Jones. But unsatisfied curiosity is as great an enemy to tranquillity as terror; and accordingly, about mid-day, half the population was upon the ramparts, or upon the roofs of the houses, watching the movements of a fine vessel which, with all its sails set, was advancing at that time, under a slight northeasterly breeze, from the direction of Rosetta towards the harbour. There was no other sail in sight—all the fishing-boats, alarmed like so many sparrows at the approach of a hawk, having long ago disappeared, and no outward-bound captain daring to venture through the pass.

From the mast of the British consulate I could make out that the brig had all the appearance of a vessel of war, except that she had no guns visible; but what puzzled me was her boldness in venturing, without disguise, so near a port containing several armed steamers. This circumstance, indeed, induced me to think that, after all, public rumour had calumniated

her, especially as she seemed now really intent on entering; and having arrived off the pass, appeared to hesitate a while, as if deliberating whether to ask for a pilot. Soon, however, it was evident that she had no intention of coming in, but changing her course, went leisurely away along the coast in the direction of the Arab's Tower.

There was something in all this quite sufficient to excite curiosity, and I descended to join the gossiping groups on the Great Square. I heard, however, nothing but jokes and extravagant surmises, and reached the Strada Franca without having added one iota of information to the stock which I had collected with my own eyes. I expected to be more fortunate in the shop of a mercer, who, being a Greek, was likely to know something of pirates, and with whom I had lately formed an acquaintance; but to my disappointment I found the doors and shutters closed, and learned from the neighbours that as soon as the report of 'a pirate in the offing' had been spread abroad, Pericles, in a state of great agitation, had hastily dismissed his customers, put a stop to business for that day, and gone away with the key in his pocket.

'It is evident,' said a sly Jew money-changer, 'that your friend has some connection with the rascals in the brig.'

I did not take notice of this insinuation, which had some semblance of probability in it—and which, indeed, had been suggested by the way in which I put my question—but went farther on to the shop of Iskender. Here I learned the origin of the report from the Bashagab's interpreter, who was relating it to a crowd of gaping listeners. It appeared that at dawn of day the crew of a fishing-smack, at anchor nearly on a level with Ramleh, five miles east of Alexandria, suddenly perceived a brig bearing down full upon them. It had approached within gunshot without being perceived. Surprised at this circumstance, they spread their huge lateen sail, and made for the shore, possibly thinking that they were chased by a government vessel in want of hands. The brig did not change her course, but followed under a press of canvas, until the rapidly-increasing shallowness of the water compelled her to desist. As she turned off, however, in a moment of exasperation she fired a shot, said the fishermen; though this was supposed to be an exaggeration, designed to enhance the danger of the adventure, nobody being found to say that they had heard a report except a deaf shoemaker in the New Waklâh.

Such were the facts that came to my knowledge the first day. On the next, the mysterious brig again appeared upon the horizon, and began promeneading before the city, which, it will easily be supposed, was once more all gaze. My first care was to go and see what had become of Pericles, but found the shop still closed, and was told that the master had not made his appearance. This was extraordinary, and I determined, in order to clear up the matter, to go and inquire after him at his house; but here I met with a new check, and consequently a new stimulus to my curiosity: no one knew where Pericles dwelt. Ever since his residence in Alexandria he had come to his shop early in the morning, and left it about sunset; but he had never asked any of his neighbours to come and smoke a pipe with him at his own house; and when some prying busybody had attempted to follow him, he had always no doubt been detected, for on such occasions Pericles had continued walking very rapidly at random until the darkness of night had enabled him to evade pursuit.

The incident was thus rapidly assuming quite a romantic character, especially as I could not separate the appearance of the pirate brig from the disappearance of my friend Pericles. There was no certain connection, it was true, between the two circumstances; for the mercer might have been afflicted with an illness coincident with the arrival of the strange vessel. But I had accidentally or instinctively, as the reader pleases, associated the two events; so that I undoubtedly looked

forward to the solution of both mysteries in the solution of one. The mind seems at times to be gifted with a kind of divination, by which it penetrates into the secrets that perpetually surround it, and suddenly, and without any manifest assistance from observation, enlarges the domain of its knowledge. These minor revelations, if I may so express myself, must, however, be greedily seized and appropriated when they first present themselves, for they are as evanescent as bright. If I had disregarded my intuitive perception, that Pericles's movements had been influenced by the manoeuvres of the strange brig, and dismissed from my mind the crowd of ingenious and fanciful conjectures that consequently arose, I should have lost all the interest of the adventure, and never taken the trouble to seek for an explanation; but I was not in a reasoning mood, and delivered myself up with ardour to the solicitations of curiosity.

The third day began with the report that the government, roused from its indifference, had determined to send out an armed steamer to come to some kind of explanation with the stranger; and the imagination looked forward with considerable emotion to the spectacle of an engagement, performed for an entertainment in sight of the city. The curious, therefore, were soon accumulated on the house-tops and the ramparts, gaping, as from the boxes and galleries of a theatre, on the blue stage that stretched sparkling to the horizon. All the morning, however, one personage alone occupied the boards, now stealing along in the distance, now stalking forward almost to the footlights, as we may call the foaming line of white breakers that marks the entrance of the two harbours; then gliding majestically away towards the west, or coming up zig-zagging towards the east. I confess to having watched with breathless interest all these manoeuvres, and ardently longed for their explanation. The moment seemed at length arrived, for a long volume of smoke arising from the Old Harbour announced, a little after noon, that the Nile was getting up its steam. The same observation appears, however, to have been made by the pirate; for just as it was hovering off the Marabut Island, in its usual undetermined and unsatisfactory manner, it suddenly put about, and displaying its full breadth of sail, began to glide swiftly away towards the west.

The moment was an interesting one, and the chase promised to be no easy task; for we had had good opportunities of observing the sailing qualities of the brig, and felt confident that with the good wind that was blowing upon her quarter, she would long keep ahead of the somewhat lazy steamer appointed to come up with her. Besides, she had not only a start of some ten miles, but had the advantage of the open sea; whilst the Nile, even when ready to start, was compelled to move at reduced speed until clear of the dangers of the pass. Accordingly, long before this operation was effected, the brig was rapidly fading away beneath the horizon.

Another circumstance contributed to favour the escape of the brig. Just as the Nile emerged from the pass, we observed two or three sail in the distance towards the west; and it was evident at once that one of these was mistaken for the object of our keen curiosity, which had in reality disappeared. The idlers, therefore, who, in spite of the ardour of the sun, lingered at their look-outs, felt that the catastrophe was at least averted, and began to disperse. As usual, I went to see if Pericles had made his reappearance; but the ship was still closed, and had manifestly not been opened since the first intelligence of the pirate brig. This was a day of disappointments. In the evening, the Nile returned, in company with two fruit-ships from Rhodes; and the worthy captain reported that the audacious stranger had made an ignominious retreat, and would probably not show his face again in those waters.

A rash prophecy! Next morning, at dawn of day, the brig was observed lying off the mouth of the New Harbour, almost within gunshot of the Castle of St

Pharos; but in order to keep up the dramatic interest, a new incident was added—that is to say, a small boat with a square sail shot off from the shore, and before it attracted any particular notice, was passing near the Diamond Rock, and making direct for the brig, which seemed to be waiting for it. The sentinels, and the few pedestrians who were enjoying the morning air on the ramparts, felt that this was the *dénouement* of the adventure, and watched the progress of the boat as interested but passive spectators. In about half an hour it was observed to glide under the side of the brig, which almost immediately afterwards displayed every stitch of canvas, and turning her back discourteously on the good city of Alexandria, went away with a steady determined air, that left no hope of her ever coming again to relieve the monotony of our existence. Accordingly, she never afterwards, to my knowledge, resumed her equivocal manoeuvres. I must add, that when our eyes ceased to follow the brig, we perceived the little boat dancing about upon the waves, evidently without a guiding hand. A fisherman went out, and brought it to shore; but no trace was discovered of the purpose to which it had been applied.

All this was very unsatisfactory, and I became more and more anxious to find some trace of my friend Pericles. I returned every day to his shop, and at length had the satisfaction to see it open, with the master quietly engaged in retailing his merchandise. My first impulse was to examine his person more attentively than I had hitherto done, and I thought I perceived that his bold dashing Greek countenance was subdued, perhaps shadowed by a certain meditative-melancholy expression. I soon learned to represent him to my imagination as a kind of Lara on a small scale, in constant apprehension of the appearance of a minor Sir Goscelin. But instead of yielding to a feeling of aversion, I felt more and more the desire to penetrate the mystery of this man's existence. The enterprise at the outset seemed a difficult one. To my inquiries as to the cause of his prolonged absence, he answered in a somewhat peevish tone that he had been ill; and when I turned the conversation to the pirate brig, he listened with apparent indifference. My powers of observation being awakened, however, I became more and more convinced that there was an important secret to be discovered; and I determined to obtain it, if possible, by the usual method—that is, by acquiring the confidence of Pericles.

Success rewarded my efforts. One day that I was sitting alone with him in his shop he sighed several times, was taciturn and uneasy, and had all the air of a man desirous to deliver himself of a secret. I literally felt a thrill of curiosity shoot through my frame; and attentively studied both myself and him—him, in order to interpret his slightest phrase or gesture; myself, lest by an appearance of eagerness I should scare him, and check his confidence. Had my whole fortune depended on the hazard of a die, I could scarcely have felt more deeply interested. At length he spoke:—

‘My friend,’ said he, ‘I have something to tell you; for I think you are a discreet young man, not prying or over-anxious about the secrets of others, and therefore likely to keep things that are confided to you.’ This compliment, which, though generally applicable, was in part ill-timed at that moment, when I was absolutely kindling with curiosity, I acknowledged by a slight bow, and Pericles continued. ‘I have, moreover, to ask your advice, and perhaps your assistance. The one you will perhaps not hesitate to give me; the other you can withhold if you please. But we cannot talk freely in the shop, where we may be interrupted every moment. If you will honour me by taking your evening meal with me, pray return after sunset, and accompany me to my house, where my wife will make you eat some delicious cherries just imported from Syria.’

I accepted this invitation with a delight which most probably would have been noticed by the observant Pericles, had not a noisy customer entered the shop,

and drawn off his attention. During the afternoon I had ample leisure to reflect on the amount of prudence I had displayed in promising to accompany a man whom I supposed to be a pirate to his mysterious dwelling. However, curiosity had been my master-passion since the appearance of the brig, and no one was ever more exact to his appointment. The purple flag was still streaming from the minaret of Scheik Moshim's mosque when I joined Pericles, and found him engaged in closing his shutters.

This operation performed, we took a by-street or lane, and proceeded rapidly until we had passed the Moggrebyn Bazaar, when a few turnings brought us to a dark alley much encumbered with rubbish. Having groped along this, my friend Pericles stopped before the door of a large gloomy house, and knocked three times at regular intervals. The shrill, unmistakable voice of a black female slave was then heard inside, announcing the circumstance as a happy event, and presently the door opened, and we were admitted by a narrow corridor into a small court. There were as yet no lights, but I could just distinguish a person glide rapidly along the gallery above, and almost immediately afterwards a woman met Pericles, and putting one hand on each of his shoulders, looked at him with a gesture of inexpressible affection. A few words of musical Romaic were exchanged, upon which the woman turned to me, and pointing to the stairs, saluted me with the Arab compliment, 'Tafuddal ya khawagah!' which is equivalent to, 'Do me the honour to enter, oh sir!' A slave now brought a light, and we were soon seated on the divan in the great room above.

The wife of Pericles, I now perceived, was a handsome young woman of above twenty-two, somewhat careworn, but with an expression of great sweetness and gentleness. She was dressed in the marvellously-elegant costume of her nation, and had evidently exhausted all the resources of domestic coquetry, not to please strangers, but her husband. Her hair, more than half as long as herself, fell mingled with strings of gold coins from beneath a fine tarboosh gaudily placed on the side, or hyacinthian flow over her shoulders; her vest of red satin fitted tightly to her shape beneath the richly-embroidered jacket; the shawl worn artistically folded round her loins; the trousers were of flowered muslin; and the little naked feet shuffled about in slippers embroidered with gold. Various rich ornaments attested the wealth or generosity of her husband. In manners she was at once awkward and easy—awkward when compelled to attend directly to me as a stranger, but in all her other movements easy as a lady of high degree.

A fine boy of five years' old, after having kissed his father's hand, and put it to his forehead, had returned to his occupation of carving frogs out of a piece of melon-rind. In order to allow the parents leisure to converse unrestrained, I assiduously smoked the pipe that was at once put into my hand, and began to chat with this urchin. We were soon in an animated dispute on the pronunciation of the word *Batrokos*, which, according to the modern heresy, is *Vatrokos*; and the little man told me plainly that I had no aptitude for learning the Hellenic.

When supper was ready, we all sat down at the same table, and ate an excellent meal, among the ingredients of which I remember a dish of rice and meat, well braised and spiced, and wrapped in some linen, and also some delicious wine from Mount Ida, slightly flavoured with Fennegreek. The Syrian cherries were not forgotten at the dessert; and Zoë, my fair hostess, amused herself by placing a couple, the stems of which were not diservered, spectacle-wise, across the nose of a little babe that was brought in in a cradle, and gnawed its little fists most industriously the whole of supper-time.

Whilst noticing all these traits of domestic life, I was more eagerly than ever looking forward to the expected confidence. Pericles had acquired a new interest in my eyes. When I saw him, indeed, surrounded by his

family, exchanging gentle words with his wife, and rough caresses with his boy, speaking to his slaves in a tone of cheerful commandment, not like one accustomed to struggle with the hoarse voice of the sea, and casting ever and anon most genuine paternal glances towards the cradle, I began to feel a kind of toleration for the trade that permitted the development of so many sterling sentiments, and quite disposed to listen to any apologies that the pirate might be disposed to make for himself. When the cherries, therefore, were finished, fresh pipes furnished, and coffee served up by the fair hands of Zoë herself, previous to her retirement with the children, my visage must have worn an expression of extreme benevolence and sympathy, for the worthy Pericles seized me by the hand, and at once related to me his whole history.

The main incidents, which would form quite a romance if I could preserve all the vivid descriptions and graphic details of the narrator, were as follow:—Pericles, whilst leading a precarious life in Smyrna, received one day a letter from an uncle established in Alexandria, inviting him to come as an assistant, he being from old age no longer able to attend to all the duties of his business. The offer was not to be declined, and my friend immediately took passage on board a vessel bound for Egypt. Contrary winds compelled it to seek for refuge under the lee of a small island in the Archipelago, where it was suddenly boarded by a number of boats, which ransacked it, and took the crew and passengers on shore. The story of Haidee and Juan was repeated in some of its circumstances, and Zoë, in the absence of the pirate Bartolomew, her father, became enamoured of the captive Pericles. Love gave her ingenuity and courage, and she contrived and effected the escape of all the prisoners in their own vessel. They returned to Smyrna; and Zoë, who of course accompanied them, became the wife of Pericles, and shortly afterwards they both succeeded in reaching Alexandria in safety. The uncle received them well, and when he died, left the shop and his stock in trade to his nephew. For several years the couple lived happily together, and increased in wealth and prosperity; but their tranquillity was at length disturbed, about six months before the time of which I write by an unexpected event.

Pericles was one day sitting in his shop when a man in the costume of a sailor entered, and walking up to him, addressed him in a stern voice by his name. My friend replied by asking him what he wanted.

'What I want!' exclaimed the stranger; 'I want my daughter.'

The pirate Bartolomew, after a vigilant search, had at length succeeded—no one ever knew how—in discovering who had deprived him of his Zoë, and thus introduced himself to his alarmed son-in-law. An angry altercation ensued—Bartolomew insisting on seeing his daughter, and Pericles, fearing some sinister design, obstinately refusing. At length they parted; and for some days Pericles heard no more of him. He remained, however, anxious and alarmed, and never returned to his house without taking extraordinary precaution to avoid being watched and followed. He said nothing to his wife, in order not needlessly to disquiet her; but not being able to conceal his uneasiness, attributed it to some disappointments in business.

Nearly a week afterwards Bartolomew returned, and again asked to see his daughter; but the gloomy expression of his countenance strengthened Pericles in his determination not to consent; and he threatened the pirate that, unless he retired, and left him in tranquillity, he would denounce him. Fierce words upon this were exchanged, and they came to blows. But Pericles was a man of powerful frame, and with as little violence as possible he thrust his father-in-law into the street. Blinded by passion, the pirate put a whistle to his lips, and presently five or six men, dressed as sailors, rushed into the shop, made a ferocious attack on Pericles, stretched him senseless on the ground, and began demolishing

everything. An immense crowd collected, but no one offered to interfere until the guard arrived. Even then all the offenders managed to effect their escape in the confusion except Bartolomew, who was knocked down with the butt-end of a musket, and secured. He was condemned to the galleys for two years.

'You will conceive,' continued Pericles, 'that for the sake of my wife I would rather that this had not been the case; but there was no remedy, and I hoped that when the time had expired, Bartolomew would think it prudent to retire from a country where his violence had subjected him to such a punishment. I could not keep the secret from my wife, and was not surprised to find that she regretted bitterly her father's imprisonment, and began to devise at once means of seeing him and of lightening his position. He was quite mollified by this circumstance, gave her his pardon, and promised, when once he obtained his liberty, never more to molest her or me. One day she returned to the house in a state of great excitement, and said that on her way from the Arsenal she had been accosted by a man whom she at once recognised as her father's lieutenant. He told her that he was there in order to attempt Bartolomew's escape; that he had discovered she possessed free access to the prisoners; and that he expected her to give her assistance. She unhesitatingly complied, and begged me not to blame or interfere with her. What could I do? I was certainly risking my ruin, but it was impossible to prevent a daughter from contriving her father's liberty. She began, therefore, by carrying messages, and on the morning of the appearance of the brig—of which you have so often spoken to me—she managed to place a file, unperceived, in her father's hand. With this he delivered himself, in the space of three days, of his irons; and on the morning of the fourth climbed over the walls of the Arsenal, was received by me and his lieutenant, was conducted to the new port, where I had secretly prepared a boat, and was dismissed, as you know, in safety. I should now live tranquil but for two circumstances. At parting, Bartolomew took my hand, and pressing it, said, "You are a brave, intelligent fellow, and I am glad to have you for my son-in-law. This is not the last time I shall require your assistance. I shall shortly have a proposition to make to you." From this I infer that, in spite of a solemn promise made to Zoë before he regained his liberty, he intends to drag me, if possible, into a complicity in some of his piratical undertakings. I expect every day to behold him enter my shop in some disguise; and whatever he may do, I cannot now denounce him, for I assisted in his escape. This is one cause of my anxiety. The other is, that a fisherman met me the other day and cried, "It was this man who bought of me the boat in which the pirate escaped!" So I find it necessary immediately to leave this country. Do you not think it would be prudent? If you do, what I ask of you is this—to become the nominal purchaser of my property, which I will make over to you in secret, and depart before any one is aware of my intentions. I will tell you where I intend to go; and you can send me the amount of what I possess when you have disposed of it to a third party. I turn everything to you with implicit confidence. You know the Arabs say *kilmet inklee*, "the word of an Englishman"—meaning inviolable probity. What do you say?'

It was with regret that I agreed in the prudence of an immediate departure, and with joy that I accepted this opportunity of being of service to my friend Pericles. Zoë, when she returned into the apartment, thanked me warmly, and gave me a handsome tobacco-pouch, embroidered by herself, as a token of gratitude. The secret sale was effected next day, and the next this delightful family departed for —; but I have promised to conceal the place of their retreat, and must not mention it here, although there is little probability that the pirate Bartolomew will ever peruse these pages. In due time I fulfilled the duties I had undertaken, and it is not long since I received a letter from my friend Pericles, in which he hoped I shall not forget to visit

him if ever in the course of my travels I happen to pass through— The secret will escape, if I do not close this narrative at once.

THE WAYS OF THE SQUIRREL.

BY RUSTICUS.

I NEVER see a squirrel working his wire tread-mill in everlasting but futile efforts to escape, but I feel my choler rise against the poor little captive's heartless and witless owner. Abominating all kinds of restraint myself, I make it an absolute law never to enchain a living being. True that some animals, as well as men, bear a prison better than others: a dormouse, for instance, will roll himself in a ball, curl his tail over his neck, and doze away his days in stolid resignation, if not absolute comfort; liberty is lost, but the loss is so small he hardly feels it. If at large, enjoying freedom to the utmost, he would dive into some cozy dormitory of his own making, roll himself in a ball, curl his tail over his neck, and doze just after the same fashion. Again, a tortoise is soon stupidly at home in his prison: he is too phlegmatic to care about the matter; give him sunshine and leaves, and keep him out of the rain, and he submits to his fate with a very good grace; but this is nature: he had nothing more than leaves, and sunshine, and shelter from the wet, when he was at large, and he wanted nothing more. How different with the squirrel! There are no bounds to the largeness of his liberty, no limits to its enjoyment. Heartless, I say, heartless and witless is the man who can take pleasure in the possession of such a captive.

I have spent hours in watching the squirrel in his native woods, and that is the way to study nature. How much more knowledge do we gain from the actions of the living than from the measurements of the dead! Your professed naturalist dotes on the skin and the bone; I love the living being. Skin and bone are the husk, life the kernel. Then, again, skin and bone cannot be got at without killing. I have tried both—the killing and the observing. I look back on the killing without a ray of satisfaction, whilst the observing has added some of the most cherished treasures in memory's storehouse. When I want a lesson in natural history, when I want to pry into the private life of beast, bird, fish, or insect, I lie in wait to watch their proceedings. My garments are coloured after nature—green, gray, or brown—and I stand, sit, or lie perfectly still. It is a good plan to sprawl at full length on the ground, raising the head only, and resting the chin on the hands. In this position I have watched birds building their nests and feeding their young within three yards of my face. It is marvellous how soon animals are reconciled to the presence of a motionless object. In this position I have often watched the squirrels at Busbridge, Cobham, and Esher. These very amusing creatures seem to have a good deal of pleasure as well as business on hand. When on the ground—as on the lawn before the house at Busbridge—they will often frisk and play like lambs, and seem to take special pleasure in teasing the birds. It constantly happens that a thrush or blackbird will emerge from beneath some evergreen, and hop into the open space, attracted perhaps by a worm he sees on the closely-shaven turf. As certainly as he does so, a squirrel dashes at him, and compels him to return faster than he came, uttering, if a blackbird, that sharp, half angry, half frightened series of notes so distinctive of his kind, and often ending in a whistle as he gains the shelter of a neighbouring laurel. In fir woods, too, I have noticed the manoeuvres of the squirrel on the ground: there the turf, anything but lawn-like, often abounds with long bents, last year's flower-stalks, and also with loose fragments of dead grass which are blown about by the wind. The history of these wandering fragments is on this wise: a moth lays its egg on the upright flower-stalk of the grass; the grub proceeding from this egg crawls down the stalk, and feeds on the root and crown of the plant, just at the surface of the ground. Rooks have a great relish for this grub as soon as he is large enough and fat enough for a mouthful; and these cunning birds know well enough where to find him by the

sickly colour of the plant he is killing; so they pluck up the plant, and send it adrift, and then devour the grubs. Well, to return to the squirrel—I have seen him collecting both the bents and these dried wandering fragments; the bents he nibbles off close to the ground, but the dried fragments want nothing but picking up. When he has collected as much as he can comfortably carry, he mounts one of the pines, and takes it to the nest he is building right up at top. Now the squirrel seldom lays the foundation of its nest, or drey, as we call it, but generally possesses himself of a last year's bird's-nest, giving the preference to that of a magpie, probably on account of the garniture of thorn with which that bird is often pleased to protect her progeny. There is great animosity between the squirrel and the magpie, and this appropriation of the magpie's nest by the squirrel may perhaps have something to do with it. So many of my neighbours talk of squirrels building their dreys, that I presume this appropriation of an old bird's-nest is not invariable; but I can speak positively to this fact in the instances I have examined. The nest is not always a magpie's; a cushat's or a crow's will occasionally answer his purpose. Still, there is generally a good deal of new material; sticks for the out-works, dried grass, dried moss for the interior, and the bottom is lined with fur combed from the belly of the female—a habit common to many rodent animals, and perfectly well known to every schoolboy who rejoices in the possession of tame rabbits. The general figure of the drey is oval, after the fashion of a long-pod's nest, but without the symmetry of that beautiful structure; the domed top and cup-shaped bottom are tolerably compact, but all round the middle the fabric seems loosely put together, and the squirrels pass in and out at various parts, and in rough weather they always close the hole behind them.

Our country people thoroughly believe that squirrels are paired for life; but this is a point very difficult to settle. Such a faith is rather shaken in my own individual instance by the exciting love-chase I have so often witnessed in the spring. I have known this chase continue for hours, and very beautiful it is. The lover will pursue the object of his choice to the very summit of the highest larch: the female ascends the trunk spirally, coily keeping out of sight of her swain: then she will descend, leaping from bough to bough, till at last she runs along a slender, drooping branch to the end, and boldly throws herself off, spreading out legs and tail to the utmost—the branch, which had yielded slightly beneath her feet, instantly recovering its position as she falls like a floating leaf—and alights unscathed and unscared some twenty feet below amid the leafy spray of a neighbouring tree. Away she scampers, as if for life; gains the trunk, and climbs it as before. Her lover follows with untiring energy, takes the same leaps, and makes the same ascents. Sometimes the fugitive pauses, hidden maybe by the huge trunk, or amid the tender green leaves of some patriarchal beech. Her lover pauses, too, in an attitude of profound attention, listening and watching to catch the slightest rustle or movement. Again she moves, again his bright eye detects her, again the chase goes on. All this seems a little out of joint with the proxy man-and-wife kind of life these little creatures have the credit of leading; but I leave the matter entirely in the hands of the learned.

Of course it is next to impossible to peep into a drey when the little baby squirrels first come to town; but I once had the extraordinary good fortune to get hold of three young squirrels on the very day they were born. The mother was caught and caged only a week before, and the little ones might be said to have been born on the tread-wheel. They were mere squabs, and their tails so short, that no one could suppose them destined to become such ornamental bushes as they certainly are when the wearer has arrived at years of discretion. I tried to rear these little creatures, but did not succeed. The mother neglected them from the first, and had she been left alone, would soon have killed them by the perpetual rotation of her wiry prison. I took them away from her, made a flannel nest for them, and fed them with warm

milk by means of a quill, the small end of which was covered with wash leather. They lived but one day. I knew an instance in which a squirrel was actually brought up in this way by hand, and became as familiar as a cat, never making any attempt to escape or to avoid the company of persons whom it knew.

The squirrel's dietary consists of fir-cones, nuts, acorns, beechmast, peas, beans, haws, and the bark and young shoots of trees in spring and early summer. Fir-cones are a standing dish, and where squirrels abound you will scarcely find a cone that does not show the marks of their teeth. I believe the seeds alone are eaten, except in cases of extreme hunger. I have seen the little fellows at work on the cones both on the trees and on the ground, and have positively ascertained that the scales are commonly rejected. The squirrel will often cause the cone to fall by nibbling it while still hanging on the bough, but he prefers pulling it quite off, and will sit erect on his haunches, holding the cone in his fore-feet, which he uses as adroitly as hands. Comfortably settled in this posture, he will gnaw away at the base of the cone, allowing the scales to fall from his mouth, and munching a seed, when he can get at one, with much satisfaction. In watching such an operation a spy-glass is of great use. All the other seeds they not only devour in season, but hoard up in vast stores in the hollow trunks of decaying trees. And what is very remarkable, these stores are not the work of an individual or a family, but when a tree is found with a convenient cavity, more than one pair or one family of squirrels will use it as a storehouse.

The bud and bark-feeding, it must be acknowledged, is very mischievous, and the injury done is very great, especially in young plantations where squirrels are abundant; and here I cannot help adverting to my favourite crotchet—that nature, left to herself, provides her own remedy. The forests in which squirrels most abound are inhabited also by martens and sables, both of them pretty animals. The marten is especially like a squirrel—the same colour, and with a bushy tail: like the squirrel, it lives in trees, runs along their boughs, and hides in their hollow stems. Its favourite food is the squirrel, and it follows him in all his wanderings, hunts him even into his drey, and, however skillfully he may hide the entrance, it will find a way in, and worry him and his little ones. But man steps in, and, by every device within his reach, traps and slays both marten and sable—in some countries certainly for their fur, but in England, where the marten only is known, because it is vermin. Hawks also are natural enemies of the squirrel, and would hold him completely in check were they not exterminated whenever it is possible. On some estates in our neighbourhood, the keepers class the squirrels themselves among the vermin; declare they suck eggs, kill young pheasants, and do a world of like misdeeds; and so the poor squirrels share the same fate as stoats and weasels, windhovers and owls, and as their own mortal, but now rare enemies—the martens: all are vermin.

Having recorded the only fault that is justly chargeable to the squirrel, I must, by way of balancing the account, place to his credit an old saying, in which, however, I confess I have but slender faith. The wise saw in question informs us that our oak forests owe their existence to the squirrel. It is supposed by those who advocate this pleasant hypothesis, that at the fall of the leaf Mr Skug finds a great many more acorns than suffice for present eating; so, whenever he has filled his belly to perfect satisfaction, he buries all the acorns that he finds, one at a time, in little holes in the earth, which he digs for this especial purpose: he scampers off, straightway forgetting where he had earthed his treasure, which of course takes root, and in due time becomes a tree. I will just state the objections to this as they occur to me. In the first place, we do positively find the hoards of the squirrel placed high and dry in the very best places for such hoards—the hollows of trees; therefore we have no reason for any hypothesis as to the whereabouts of a squirrel's granary. In the second place, the same instinct which leads any animal where to hide teaches it where to find. In the third place, squirrels are never caught in

the act of scratching the earth, although they are often seen turning up leaves in search of acorns that have dropped from the trees. With these hints I leave the matter, being perfectly willing so pretty an animal should have the credit of doing good.

A few words on the old pastime of squirrel hunting: about the time of the Easter holidays, when there are no leaves on the trees, a party of men and boys will sally forth on a squirrel hunt. They arm themselves with short sticks, loaded with lead at one end; and with no other assistance than these sticks, or bolts, as they call them, a rabble of mongrel curs, a cow's-horn, and their own voices, they will bring home from a dozen to a score of squirrels. When at school in Gloucestershire, I was an eyewitness to one of these hunts, but do not wish ever to witness another. The squirrel was first viewed on the ground; he scampered to a gigantic beech, and sprang up the bole; at the height of three yards he paused a moment, holding on by the smooth bark of the beech with as much ease as if it had been the most rugged maple; his head was turned aside, and his full bright eye took cognisance of his enemies; he held something in his mouth—I think a beechmast. The wind slightly moved his now pendent tail, otherwise he was motionless, terrified doubtless by the wild whoops, shrill whistles, and dismal horn-blasts that announced the discovery of the first victim of a long Easter Monday's sport. A dozen of the squirrel bolts whistled through the air; but he was off and away—up, up he mounted, now lost, now seen. At last he halted again, in a fork of the huge boughs, far, far up. Here he was safe, although more than one eye had detected his whereabouts: the bolts flew in vain, the horn sounded in vain, whistling and whooping produced no effect. A council was held, and one of the hunters agreed to climb the tree—a task of some difficulty as well as danger. This device succeeded. The squirrel was again started; away he went from bough to bough, from tree to tree, the motley herd following in his wake with shouts, and jest, and whoop. At last a bolt, by chance or skill, struck him in full career, and the poor beast, but lately so full of life, fell to the ground. It might fairly be supposed that sport of this kind would move the wrath of the keepers, on account of disturbing the game; but it is quite the reverse. That valuable section of society looks on all killing of vermin as praiseworthy, and therefore assists rather than discourages the assembling of our ragamuffins for this cruel sport. I have called this an 'old pastime;' and correctly so, for this branch of the 'noble art of venerie' is of very ancient date. The following extract from 'Gesner's Historie of Foure-footed Beasts,' edited by Edward Topsell, and published in London in 1607, is quite to the point, the only difference being that the crossbows are now discontinued:—

'For when they are hunted, men must goe to it with multitude, for many men cannot take one with bowes and bolts, with dogges, and except they start and rouse them in little and smal slender woods, such as a man may shake with his hands, they are seldome taken. Bowes are requisite to remove them when they rest in the twistes of trees, for they will not be much terrified with al the hollowing, except now and then they bee struck by one meane or other. Wel do they know what harbour a high oake is vnto them, and how secure they can lodge therein from men and dogges; therefore seeing it were too troublesome to climbe euerie tree, they must supply that businesse or labor with bowes and bolts, that when the squirrel resteth, presently shee may feele the blow of a cunning archer: he neede not feare doing her much harme except he hit her on the head, for by reason of a strong backe-bone and fleshy parts, she will abide as great a stroke as a dogge; yes, I have scene one removed from a bough with a shot to the ground. If they be driven to the ground from the trees to creepe into hedges, it is a token of their wearinesse; for such is the stately mind of this little beast, that while her limbes and strength lasteth, shee tarrieth and saueith herself in the toppes of tal trees, then being descended, shee falleth into the mouth of euery curre, and this is the vse of dogges in their hunting. They sleep a great part of the winter, like the Alpine mouse, and very

soundly, for I have scene when no noise of hunters could awake them with al their cries, beating their nests on the outside, and shooting bolts and arrows thorough it, vntill it were pulled assunder, wherein many times they are found killed before they be awaked.'

The concluding paragraph records a faith in the torpidity of the squirrel which, from the time of Aristotle, has never been disturbed. It is therefore both of venerable antiquity and of universal acceptance. Now I am sorely perplexed whether to give you an account of this torpidity on the authority of authors, or to skip it altogether, or to attack it tooth and nail. I will take a middle course, and recite under the fashion of queries a few doubts that have occurred to me. We commonly see squirrels every month in the year—on the shortest day equally with the longest; when, therefore, does torpidity begin, and when does it end? Again, the hoarding of provender; that fact is potent: what is the object?—is it devoured during torpidity? Are not these hoards rather an evidence that during the winter the squirrels are not only awake, but hungry? Again, squirrels migrate in this island; we see it in a small degree, and rather as an exception than a rule; but on the continents of Europe and America it is the rule. Vast multitudes move southwards at the approach of winter, northwards at the approach of summer: this is perfectly notorious: why should not squirrels become torpid in New York and Massachusetts?—why should they enter Florida before assuming torpidity?—why should the squirrels of Russia pass the Balken before they doze? I believe a squirrel may sleep more soundly on a cold frosty night than a house-dog stretched before a comfortable fire, but I have yet to learn the exact point where sleep ends and torpidity begins. If torpidity means a sleep enduring for weeks, or even days, I still doubt whether there is positive evidence of it among our squirrels.

There is another point in the squirrel's history which rests on no lighter authority than that of the grave Olaus Magnus, and with Topsell's version of which you must be satisfied, as I have not the original at hand. Having already been so rash as to question the sleeping powers of the squirrel, I will not commit to paper my scepticism as to his knowledge of navigation, but give the passage in all its beautiful simplicity, as a note conclusory to my little essay on the Ways of the Squirrel:—

'The admirable witte of this beast appeareth in her swimming or passing ouer the waters; for when hunger, or some conuenient prey of meat constraineth her to passe ouer a riuer, shee seeketh out some rinde or smal barke of a tree which she setteth vpon the water, and then goeth into it, and holdeth vpp her taile like a saile, letteth the winde driue her to the other side.'

CIVILISATION IN THE PACIFIC.*

Few phenomena in the history of civilisation are more remarkable than the retrograde movement in power and influence of those societies which our early navigators found established in the Pacific. By the state of things which presented itself, the imagination was thrown back to the infancy of the world. In every island you discovered chiefs of large resources and authority; a vigorous, numerous, and thriving population; and a system of ideas which in its development seemed calculated to lead to extraordinary results. Their intercourse and traffic were very considerable; their canoes and prahus performed long voyages; they were accustomed to the ocean; and though incapable of always struggling with it successfully when vexed by storms, they would appear, upon the whole, to have been fortunate in their enterprises, and to have multiplied steadily their experience and their wealth.

As soon, however, as our civilisation was brought in contact with theirs, the latter began to dwindle away. Left to itself, it might, through innumerable vicissitudes,

* Four Years in the Pacific in H. M. S. Collingwood, from 1844 to 1848. By Lieut. the Hon. Fred. Walpole, Royal Navy. 2 vols. Bentley. 1849.

have become at length flourishing, availed itself of those inexhaustible resources which nature in those fortunate climates supplies, and overcoming one by one the obstacles thrown in its way by barbarism and ignorance, have proved in most respects equal to our own. At least there is nothing unphilosophical in this view of the subject. But when societies in an advanced stage of refinement are precipitated by circumstances upon infant communities, they almost invariably overlay and stifle them. We behold everywhere in those young societies symptoms of premature decay. The chiefs have become powerless; the people indolent and unwarlike, or rather, we should perhaps say, wanting in that devotion to the public welfare which induces men to hazard everything for their country. With our dogmas and some tincture of our manners, they have not acquired our industry or our energy. On the contrary, listlessness has in too many cases taken the place of vigorous application; because a mischievous contentment has superseded that wholesome craving after the possession of novelties, which may be regarded as the greatest of all incentives to civilisation.

Much the same appearances present themselves on the great continent which bounds the Pacific towards the east; for there the social and political systems of the Incas have been utterly extirpated, to make room for others which have not yet been able completely to take root. We consequently everywhere behold new social practices and manners timidly growing, and diffusing their feeble growth slowly amid the ruins of a former civilisation. All that is new is fitful, fluctuating, indicative of a highly-imperfect faith in the destinies of humanity. A practical Epicureanism pervades the entire mass of society. Eager for present enjoyment, intent on economising the passing hour, softened and rendered effeminate by the climate, and betrayed into a fatal security by the absence of any great apprehensions on their immediate frontiers, men live perpetually from hand to mouth, without assiduously cultivating the arts either of peace or war; without devoting their leisure to literature or science; in one word, without experiencing any desire to distinguish themselves by the pursuits of an honourable ambition.

To foretell how and when this state of things is to merge into another, and, we may hope, a better, we confess to be beyond our power. But we may in general terms observe, that whenever the necessity for self-defence shall become urgent, and when the increasing population shall demand a rigid application of the laws of civil society, the states of South America will be compelled to make a forward movement. At present, the native exertion appears to be wanting—

* To be content's their natural desire.*

And pride, the invariable accompaniment of ignorance and sloth, induces them to look with something like aversion on the casual representatives of superior races found among them, whose habitual sobriety and industry might otherwise act upon them with the beneficial force of example.

Of the truths we have been just stating, numerous illustrations will be found in the narrative of Lieutenant Walpole's voyage, which, though deformed by incessant attempts at wit and smartness, contains much useful information. The author devotes much space to a tracing of the progress of decline under the Spanish rule, and the troubles which have since repressed the genius of the country. He gives many curious traits of the republic of Chili. Its arts and industry he describes as almost extinguished, and its trade of the rudest kind. The commerce carried on in the interior of the country is thus described:—"At the fall of the year the Buenos Ayres merchants flock into the town with immense trains of mules; these are of a smaller breed than the mules of Chili, but provided at Buenos Ayres at a much lower rate than they could be here. The merchants purchase their goods, and return by the

mountain passes, some extending their trade even to Buenos Ayres itself, but generally spreading about among the vast regions between the Andes and the coast of the Atlantic. They pay a small export duty on leaving the Chilean frontier, and give a receipt on entering the Argentine Republic, on which a certain duty may be charged when the exigencies of the government require it. Sometimes they wait, holding back for the market to fall, and are thus so late on their return, that the storms of winter overtake them in the passes of the Andes. When this occurs, they bury their merchandise in the snow; and leaving their beasts to escape how they can (for to wait the tardy operation of driving such numbers of animals, proverbial for obstinacy, would be death), they press on; and returning with the first break-up of the frost, find their goods undamaged, and bear them away to their destination. Some of the merchants whose acquaintance I made in April, not having quite completed their bargains, spoke confidently as expecting such a disaster. They said the gain was worth the risk, and that the expense of keeping the mules through the winter months would be greater than the total loss of them. They travel across the Pampas in large numbers or in small parties—the former to overawe, the latter to escape the notice of, the Pampas Indians, the most cruel and unsparing of savages."

Of course the ideas of the people are at the same level with their condition. No conception have they of the science of politics, of the art of ruling men so as to promote their happiness, of the engendering and diffusion of wholesome opinions, of the elevation of the masses, or indeed of the enlightening of those by whose efforts and example the masses can alone be elevated. Whatever influence is possessed by the church, is exerted to preserve the slight and doubtful foundations of her dominions. All fervour and enthusiasm are fled. A few pageants, a few gorgeous ceremonies, keep alive the melancholy reminiscences of former days. Trivial superstitions, sometimes amalgamated with those of the Indians, sometimes fabricated with the materials supplied by Catholicism, fill the minds of the rural inhabitants, while the populations of the city verge towards a rude materialism. In the country, among rich and poor, all the truths current are inculcated by legends and traditions. We subjoin a specimen related by a guide, who of course religiously believed every syllable of it:—"In former times," he said, "three men were traversing the mountains; and evening coming on, they lighted a fire, and sat round it. It was a nasty, dark night. "Well," said one of the men, "I don't care for the leones (puma)—the Chilians always call them by the name of the nobler beast, though they are infinitely inferior in size, courage, and strength, being only about the size of a large mastiff, and of much the same colour, standing perhaps somewhat lower on the legs—"I don't care for the leones for I have a sword." "Nor I," said the second "for I have a lance." "Nor I," said the third "for I have my good faith." Now a lion was listening all this time. "Ah," says he to himself as the first spoke, "I don't fear your sword. If I spring quickly, it will be of no use to you. Nor your lance" (as the second spoke): "I am active, and can avoid it: so, as I am hungry, here goes;" and he crept forward. But when the third spoke, he paused. "The sword and lance I know, and do not fear; but this good faith, what is it! It may kill or wound me. I will wait and see it." So he trotted off, resolved to discover what this weapon was. Presently he met an old woman. "Good," said he; "here is my chance: first I will find out from her, and then I'll eat her. She will be tough perhaps, but my teeth are good, and my appetite very keen." So he accosted her, saying, "Good mother, last night I sat listening to three men. One said he had a lance to defend himself with, another a sword, but the third said he had his good faith. Tell me, mamita, what is this good faith?" She with great presence of mind said, "My poor dear, you ran a great risk indeed.

It is a new weapon just introduced, of so fatal a sort that only to wish ill to one who has it occasions a lingering death. Here, take this, my child"—offering a loaf—"and thank your stars you did not attack him or intend evil to me." The lion, never thinking that a poor old woman would gull him, ate his loaf, and scampered back to his family. From that day to this the lion has never preyed on human beings: he fears the good faith. Such, senior, are the miracles the blessed Virgin performs for us her humble servants who dwell in the wilds.

Throughout South America, as well as in every other country where a heterogeneous population has been promiscuously huddled together from the four winds, the love of gambling is among the most prominent vices. Wandering creates an appetite for excitement. He who has been long accustomed to see new things every day, soon becomes satiated with novelty itself, and requires something still more exciting than the prospect of new lands and seas to gratify his craving appetite. He naturally, therefore, resorts to gambling, the last resource of minds naturally unintellectual, or exhausted by the indulgence of the passions. Extreme excitement, long continued, dulls the moral sense, and obliterates all the fine distinctions between good and evil. This indeed is the case with all absorbing passions, which hurry us on towards an object much too impetuously to allow us to reflect by the way. Mr Walpole fell in with an individual of this description at Callao. Visiting an ancient and neglected estate of the viceroy, where there was a chapel and a burial-ground, he observed a man enter, and proceed into the cemetery. It was a Frenchman, well known at Callao as a gambler, who led others into play, and consequent ruin, whose transactions were equivocal, whose conduct was loose, and whose conversation was not a little atheistical. Anxious to know the object that could have attracted such a character to this place, sacred to religion and the dead, Lieutenant Walpole followed him at a distance. He passed into the cemetery, proceeded to a little grave evidently much cared for; and kneeling down by the small headstone, first took some flowers from his bosom to scatter over it, and then bent himself in prayer. Our author left him so engaged, and the incident appears to have impressed itself strongly on his mind. This was perhaps the last link between that man and the deeper and truer feelings of our nature. In all other places and situations he was a gambler, and behaved as such, but here he seemed once more to give way to the charities of the heart.

We now transport ourselves at once to California, omitting all notice of the author's intermediate visits to various islands of the Pacific. Too much has already been written of this golden region for us to think of enlarging upon it here; but our readers will not perhaps be displeased to be introduced to a specimen of that rough militia with which the United States undertake to keep in order their outlying territories. While at Monterey, Mr Walpole came in contact with this strange legion:—"During our stay, Captain Fremont and his party arrived, preceded by another troop of American horse. It was a party of seamen mounted, who were used to scour the country to keep off marauders. Their efficiency as sailors, they being nearly all English, we must not question; as cavalry, they would probably have been singularly destructive to each other. Their leader, however, was a fine fellow, and one of the best rifle-shots in the States. Fremont's party naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living on their own resources. They were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence, in long file, emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode ahead—a spare, active-looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt-hat. After him came fierce Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard, and have been with

him through all his wanderings. They had charge of two baggage-horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them are his regular men, the rest are loafers, picked up lately. His original men are principally backwoodsmen from the state of Tennessee and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. He has one or two with him who enjoy high reputations in the prairies. Kit Carsons is as well known there as the Duke is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long loose coat of deerskin tied with thongs in front, trousers of the same, of their own manufacture; which, when wet through, they take off, scrape well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry. The saddles were of various fashions; though these, and a large drove of horses and a brass field-gun, were things they had picked up about California. The rest of the gang were a rough set; and perhaps their private, public, and moral characters had better not be too closely examined. They are allowed no liquor—tea and sugar only. This no doubt has much to do with their good conduct; and the discipline is very strict. They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town, under some large firs, and there took up their quarters in messes of six or seven in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. One man—a doctor, six feet six high—was an odd-looking fellow. May I never come under his hands!

Of the various islands of the Pacific visited by the Collingwood, we have little room to speak. But wherever we land, whether in the Society, or Navigators', or the Sandwich Islands, the same proofs of rapid degeneracy meet us on all sides. At Tahiti the French are greatly accelerating the process which the missionaries, with all their kind and benevolent intentions, were not able to arrest. Proofs of native vigour of character are occasionally met with, but, as a rule, the population has become languid, unenterprising, and prone to effeminacy. Even the opinions imported from Europe, which have here been found to amalgamate so readily with industry, courage, vigour, and the spirit of independence, would there appear to have contributed to extinguish the little patriotism that was left. The same causes have produced the same effect among the inhabitants of the Navigators' Islands, once among the boldest and most enterprising of the whole Polynesian race. Again, in the Sandwich Islands, the intrepidity and scorn of death which once led to great actions, now only enable the natives to perform tricks which astonish civilised visitors; while astonishing visitors render themselves more degraded and corrupt. In itself, however, the display of fearlessness, made for the most part by young women, in plunging from the tops of precipices, and committing themselves to the waters of a cataract, cannot fail to excite our admiration:—"It needed not the feats done there to make the River of Destruction worth looking at. The river ran for some hundred yards or so in rapids over rocks and stones—the banks, crags, and precipice 200 feet high, whose rudeness was softened and refined by tendrils and creepers, that hung down to the foaming water, which ill-naturedly jerked them as it rushed by. A huge rock divided the stream, one half of which dashed petulantly on, and met a noisy fate down the fall; while the other, of a milder nature, ran along a channel of sand, and fell in one heavy stream a depth of about twenty-five feet, joining the rough waters below. A little turmoil succeeded the junction; then they flowed quietly on like brothers, arm in arm, till they fell again, and soon were lost in the salt waters of the ocean.

'The great delight of the natives is to go down this fall. They sit in the channel I have described; they utter a shout, a scream of joy, join the hands gracefully on the head, and, one after another, the girls descend, emerging like sea-nymphs from the eddies below. The figure, as it gleams for an instant in the body of the water, appears to those standing below quite

perfect; and the gay shout and laughing taunt to follow has led to the death of many; for there is some secret current that not only drowns, but carries away the body too. The feat was attempted by three of our men, but none, I think, did it twice.

'The descent of the lower fall is a lesser feat, and the sensation of going down it headforemost delightful. Even that, however, is often fatal; and during our stay there a man was lost merely through making a false step from the bank. The surprising agility of the women especially baffles description. One will sit by your side on the high bank, and remain so till you throw a stone into the water with all your force, then down she jumps, straight as an arrow, her feet crossed one over the other, and emerges with a laugh, holding up the stone. On first attempting to rise to the surface after going down the fall, the water seems, from the force of the current, to be matted overhead; and it is only by striking out into the eddy that you can rise: this the girls manage to perfection. They kick out their feet both together, and replaiting their hair with their hands, they float about with a grace that is beautiful to see. There the water is clear and blue, but cold, frosty, half-thawed. As lazily one watched the stream, down dropped from the ledges overhead, and cut the bright water, what soon appeared a man or woman. These ledges are fifty or eighty feet high; yet none seemed to regard it as a feat; and a merry laugh told you it was to surprise the European.'

It would be rash to conclude, from the indications of decay we have pointed out, that native society must speedily come to an end in the islands of the Pacific. Probably the European element may there at least mingle surely though slowly with the indigenous races, and lead to an intellectual and moral development of which we know of few examples elsewhere. In its present aspect no population in the world is more extraordinary. The Pacific seems to be the great point of confluence at which all the families of mankind amalgamate, for there we find Red Indians from North America, Yankees from the New England States, Spaniards and half-castes from every region south of Mexico, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, New Zealanders, Chinese, natives of Japan, Malays, Papuans, and Arabs: Sometimes you discover hints of singular adventures, notices of which remain on record; as, for example, where an anchor, and a skeleton with shoes on its feet, were met with on the summit of a mountainous isle: who deposited them there no one can tell. Mr Walpole apparently made no inquiries, though he states that the shoes were immediately applied to their proper use by one of the sailors. From the make of these, it might perhaps have been possible to ascertain the country of the deceased, towards which the construction of the anchor might likewise have assisted. But here the author's speculative spirit deserts him, and he does not so much as indulge in a suggestion.

In one of the islands he encountered a North American chief, who described himself as the last of his nation. Having fled, as he related, before the white men, he got on board some vessel bound for the Pacific, where he had wandered for many years, passing from island to island in the character of a minstrel, playing on a strange instrument, and relating tales of his fatherland. When old, he married a native woman, but as he had no children, his race would become extinct with him. Our readers will probably remember the story told by Ledyard of a sailor who escaped from Captain Cook's crew, allured to desertion by the beauty of a native girl; how he retired with her to the woods of the interior; and how he was pursued and captured in his retreat by the old navigator, who, though not without sympathy for the young man, was afraid, if he exhibited leniency in his case, that not a sailor would be left to navigate the ships. From that day to this, however, deserters have been numerous, so that in almost every island their families or descendants may be found. Thus is a force infused into the native character that

will probably enable it at some future day to take rank with civilised nations. Otherwise, as our dominions spread, it is evident, however melancholy may be the prospect, that they must become extinct, and leave their lands to be possessed by others.

MRS WRIGHT'S CONVERSATIONS WITH HER IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

SCENE: A DRAWING-ROOM IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

Mrs Lalor. I AM SO sorry for you, my dear kind friend. Your pretty boy! The fine, gay, good-natured child that every one in the country takes delight in! Is he really going to leave you?

Mrs Wright. He is indeed, poor little fellow, and very shortly.

Mrs Lalor. Now what in the world makes Mr Wright that he can never be easy till he gets shut of all his children? Why, he never leaves one with you! First one, and then another, till there won't be e'er a son at all about the house to do a hand's turn for you.

Mrs Wright. That is just the loss of having only boys. My five dear sons must each in turn leave their happy home to enter on the battle of life, and I assure you I do feel the having to part with them very acutely.

Mrs Lalor. I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't give in to any such things. It's a cruelty, Mrs Wright. And if Mr Lalor were to propose to me to part any of the children, I'd stand out against it to the last.

Mrs Wright. But what should we do with them all at home?

Mrs Lalor. Do? What do you want to do with them, but to have them about you, and to see them, and to keep them with you, and to be all happy together?

Mrs Wright. We shall not live for ever, and we must prepare our children for a future without us: think of what is for their ultimate good, and not merely indulge our own selfish affection. When we are gone, what would become of a house full of young men, poor and idle as they would then be?

Mrs Lalor. Sure Mr Wright must leave them an independence?

Mrs Wright. He will not. Not what they would call an independence. He will leave them something—a help—but not a fortune.

Mrs Lalor. Now, begging both your pardons, my dear friend, there's the mistake you've made—rearing those boys above themselves, I may say. You'll excuse me, only as we're on the subject, I'll just say out what Mr Lalor and me often say to one another—that you made gentlemen of your sons.

Mrs Wright. I am sure I hope we did.

Mrs Lalor. You did. The best of schools, a private tutor to read them through college, jaunts in the summer-time, foreign travel, trips to Dublin to see sights, a fine library collected, and frequent company. You know, my dear Mrs Wright, when there was not fortunes apiece for them, and the money wasted this way, young men with such notions will have a hard card to play with the world.

Mrs Wright. I hope not: we believed we were preparing them for the world by thus introducing them to it—filling their minds with what will hereafter be useful to them, and raising their ideas as much as possible beyond mere animal gratifications. We thought it wiser to do this than to leave them larger fortunes.

Mrs Lalor. Now, Mr Lalor and me, we gave our children a good school-education certainly; but see how we lived—scarce ever a creature within our doors, no fine servants, no extravagance of any kind, no jaunting here and there, only just laying up for those children; and very comfortably circumstanced their father will leave them.

Mrs Wright. Doing what?

Mrs Lalor. Just all living in happiness together. Ours is a most attached family, Mrs Wright. They delight in one another, and have no desire in the world, any of them, to go a foot's length from their home.

Mrs Wright. That may be very well just now. But by and by how will it do? Sons' wives, and daughters' husbands—are they all to go on living under the one roof?

Mrs Lalor. Indeed we must expect the girls to marry some day; but in the neighbourhood I hope. They'll have enough, thank God, to entitle them to the best of matches. And the boys, after a time of course, must be doing something. We've good friends, and there's little places will be casting up among all those new commissions that the country is provided with, which might be had with Mr Lalor's interest and votes in three counties, and that would keep them near us, and be a comfortable settlement. That's what we're looking to. And wouldn't it, now, be better for you to strive and do something of that sort at home for your boys, better than to send them all off this way, perhaps never to see them again? It is a duty for people to be on the look-out for their families, and not let those strangers get all the good things going. You have friends in high quarters that would push your sons on for you.

Mrs Wright. Perhaps so, and perhaps not. But I don't think my sons would be content to be pushed on by friends.

Mrs Lalor. Oh, that indeed!

Mrs Wright. Nor should we like them to accept these little, half-idle situations. We prefer them to pursue their professions; and if they succeed in the different lines they have made choice of, it is very probable they may find friends of their own making who will then assist them for their own sake.

Mrs Lalor. You're a queer woman, and Mr Wright's a queer man, and I suppose you've reared your boys in your own ways. Other people are too glad to catch at the help of a friend in these dull days. Professions require such an expense to educate for them, and take such a length of time before a guinea can be earned in return; and then there's fees, and one thing or another, and but a bad chance of success after all maybe: it's almost impossible to make out what to do with a young man, if one was ever so desirous to send him out upon the world, every sort of business is so overstocked.

Mrs Wright. Mr Wright and I don't believe in that. A large crowd, indeed, set out together on the various roads through life, but so many faint by the way, that the company thins very fast as they travel. Only the steadily industrious get well up the hill; and they are so few in comparison, that they are pretty sure of earning a comfortable provision if they proceed. When abilities are added to perseverance, an opportunity for their employment is sure to offer itself; and then good fortune, even high fortune, will be attained by the deserving—the good workmen generally finding work, you know. We have brought our children up to depend on their own exertions; and we have thought it better and wiser to devote all we could afford to what you have called a foolishly-expensive education, than to leave money behind us among those ill-fitted to employ it well. We consider that, by acting thus, we give our boys the best kind of fortune—one that they have been rendered capable of improving to any amount, and that will not melt away.

Mrs Lalor. I'll engage that none of our money will melt away either. Our children have been carefully brought up too. There's not one of them but well knows the value of a shilling. No fear but they'll keep a good account of all they get.

Mrs Wright. Will they give a good account of it? That has always been to me the momentous question. We are to answer for what we leave undone as well as for what we do. An idle life can therefore never be innocent. We have it in commission, each of us, to leave this world, as far as we are concerned with it, better than we find it, and so to consider ourselves but as stewards of all we possess in it. Money, time, abilities, temper, are all to be used for the benefit of our kind—the *Talent* intrusted to us for increase.

Mrs Lalor. Well, I never heard such strange notions. What have we to do with other people, meddling and making? Never fear, they'll look well after themselves.

Mrs Wright. When my father was a young man, he had occasion to cross over into England. It was not then, in the days of sailing packets and contrary winds, so easy a matter as it is now. In his travels he came upon an old man busy planting trees near his cottage. Stopping to speak to him, he found that this old man was childless—alone in the world, without even a near relation to inherit his cottage, and watch the growth of the newly-planted trees. 'I am surprised,' said my father, 'that at your age you take pleasure in sowing where you cannot expect to reap, when you have no one belonging to you to see that oak-sapling in its prime.' The old man looked up, and in a slightly-sarlic tone replied, 'An Englishman will.' The story made an impression on me as a child, but of late it has seldom been out of my mind as the key to the secret of English prosperity. We have no such *Irish* feeling: 'I for myself, and God for us all!' is our miserable motto. How can we thrive as a nation without nationality? Number one is all with us.

Mrs Lalor. Where on earth are you going on to? I know nothing of your politics, and don't wish it. All I have to beg is, that you want be putting any of these out-o'-the-way fancies of yours into Mr Lalor's head, for he's beginning to give in to curious notions of his own, and thinks a deal of what you and Mr Wright say, and I'm determined upon this point—not to part with one of my children.

THE FRENCH POLICE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

No modern institution presents a more curious subject for observation than the police of Paris. At the same time a political and civil body, it possesses an importance no similar establishment ever perhaps attained elsewhere. Devoted to public order and salubrity, watching over the thieves and refuse population of a great capital, it is also the pillar supporting every government which has existed in France, military, monarchical, or popular. A king, an emperor, a president, a dictator, a director, is nothing without his police minister. It is therefore really interesting to have an idea of the workings of this complicated and influential machine. We find traces of it in the very earliest pages of French history; and though Louis XI. gets credit for having founded it, we discover hints about police in laws far anterior to those of this monarch. Under Louis IX., Estienne Boileve promulgated a police code which lasted until the famous Tristan—whom Scott has immortalised in 'Quentin Durward'—improved it, and laid the foundation of all the atrocities which soon were to make the institution a terror and a scourge. The post-office was invented by Louis XI. and Tristan, simply as a more sure and rapid mode of spying over the nation. This alone paints the character of their improvements, which were again added to by Catherine de Medicis. From that day until the reign of Louis XIV., the institution, demoralised and broken up by the League, remained without power or respect. Some miserable *archers*, acting solely from interested motives, hunted up or protected robbers, just as they were paid or not. The state of Paris and the country generally became dreadful. 'The citizens were regimented, elected captains, and practised arms. At the corner of every street were heavy chains, which were spread across at the first alarm. Loopholes for defence were made in every house, while the people had banners, pass-words, and places of meeting.' And this was not against a foreign enemy, but against mere malefactors. The Court of Miracles still existed—a kind of 'Alsatia' which Victor Hugo has made well known. No commissary or policeman dared enter it. All its vast population lived by beggary and crime. Marriage was

unknown in this quarter, where no authority was recognised but that of the King of the Beggars.

The first Lieutenant-general of police was selected during the reign of Louis XIV. He was Gabriel Nicolas de la Reynie. His advent was wanted. Despite the greatness of the monarch, his taste for the arts and literature, and the general prosperity of France, Paris was full of barbarism. The Cour des Miracles, the darkness, the dirt, the daily and nightly street murders and robberies, justified the saying of Boileau, 'that the most dangerous and isolated wood was a place of safety compared with Paris.' Three hundred gambling-houses, and the corporation of valets and pages who made the Pont-Neuf and the Place Dauphiné unsafe during the day, were first closed and dispersed by La Reynie. The masters grumbled. La Reynie hanged a page of the Duchess de Chevreuse and a valet of the Duke de Roquelaure for killing a student, and the murmurs ceased. A hundred fencing-shops, where men learned to commit murder at twopence-halfpenny an hour, were walled up; but the great invention of La Reynie was that of lighting the streets. The opposition of the parliament prevented his carrying this fully into effect; but he was allowed, by means of 3000 lamps, to illumine the more dangerous and obscure corners. In ten years Paris was so changed as to be unrecognisable. His mode of purging out the Court of Miracles is too original not to be recorded.

Most of the places called Courts of Miracles had gradually been destroyed; but one still held up its head in the very centre of the city, proud of its rags, of its vast population of vagabonds, of its Gothic privileges, and, above all, of its pestilential *miasma*, which kept the police at a respectful distance. Three times had La Reynie sent commissaries with detachments of horse and foot to clear the court; but each time they had been driven back. At last he went himself, determined to make an end of the intolerable nuisance.* Preceded by a company of sappers of a Swiss regiment, by 150 soldiers of the Watch on foot, by half a squadron of the soldiers of the marshalsea, by a commissary of police and some exempts, the lieutenant of police presented himself at the break of day at the door of the Court of Miracles. At the sight of the soldiers the whole of the population, women, old men, young men, children, began to yell; in an instant sharp spits, iron-shod sticks, old daggers, blunderbusses, and long knives, rose above the heads of this sinister population, in whose countenances debauchery, drink, and fury were alone visible. The soldiers, unused to such enemies, presented their arms. 'Fire not,' cried La Reynie; and then addressing the furious crowd, he said, 'I might punish you for your revolt; I might catch you all, and send you to prison or to the galleys; I prefer forgiveness, believing you to be more miserable than guilty. Listen, and be grateful: I shall make three holes in your wall, through which you may escape; the last dozen shall pay for all the rest; six shall be hung on the spot, and six sent to the galleys for twenty years.'

Terror and alarm were depicted on every face: the sappers went to work, and three holes were soon made in the dirty wall. The sappers then fell back. 'Now go!' cried La Reynie, 'and heaven defend the twelve ladders!' Never was such a rush seen before as that through the three breaches: the blind recovered their sight, the paralytic ran, lame men threw away their crutches, and in twenty minutes the whole population had vanished. An officer approached La Reynie, looking very foolish as he told that they had not caught the twelve. 'So much the better,' said the lieutenant of police; 'and lest they come back, raze the walls, and burn the huts.'

Voyer D'Argenson succeeded La Reynie, and introduced many novelties. He founded, it may be said, the secret police, the spy system, and that violation of private correspondence which has been carried on until

this day. His spy system was tremendous. He had agents everywhere, and was so successful, as to astonish the king, who asked him where he took his servants from. 'Sire,' said D'Argenson, 'from all classes, but principally among dukes and lacqueys.' The king gave an incredulous smile. 'Sire, some people cost me ten louis an hour, some ten sous!' The king laughed; and D'Argenson, piqued, promised to give his majesty a proof. A few days afterwards, the king, while dressing, and surrounded only by five noblemen of the highest rank, ventured a somewhat lively joke about an illustrious court lady. Next morning D'Argenson waited on the king.

'What is the news?' said Louis.

'Scarcely anything, sire—that is to say, at court; for at Versailles you take little interest in Paris. But, sire, I had forgotten; the retirement of Madame the Maréchale de — to a convent excites much remark.'

'Ah, ah! And what is said?'

'Faith, sire, they say, with much reason and justice, that — and the lieutenant of police repeated word for word the joke of the king at his *levée*.

The king laughed, and promised to place implicit faith in the information of M. d'Argenson for the future. The successor of this talented individual was Michault D'Amonville, whose history is too romantic to be passed over. The Maréchal de Luxembourg was examining the brilliant lines of his army preparatory to a battle with the Prince de Walden, and was receiving with pleasure the impatient wishes of the soldiers for an engagement. Presently he reached the splendid regiment of Picardy, when a young and handsome officer, with downcast eyes, and sword bent on the ground, quitted the ranks, and demanded permission to leave the army for a few days to visit his dying father. 'Go, sir,' said the marshal with a smile—'go, and may Heaven spare your honoured father.' He then added, with a sneer to his followers, 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land.'

The request and the answer flew along the ranks; and after the review, quodlibets fell in showers upon the young officer. He saw his mistake, and retired to his tent to think over some means of regaining his reputation for courage. A musketeer, his best friend, joined him. 'You are going home,' said he, 'at a good time. Take my power of attorney, and as you are so good a son, present my regards to my mother, that people may not say you are the only observer of the prudent commandments in our province.' A box on the ear, and five minutes afterwards a sword through his breast, was the reply which the musketeer received. 'Nocé,' said Michault, 'heaven knows I would have given my life to have avoided this; but you can now say that Michault D'Amonville is not a coward, but that he loves, before glory, before the king, before what is called honour, his father, his old father, his first and only friend. I now break my sword for ever; but count eternally on my friendship and esteem.'

Some years afterwards, Nocé became captain of the horse grenadiers, aide-de-camp and knight of St Louis. A troublesome adventure nearly stopped his career. Therese, the lovely daughter of a respectable merchant of the Rue St Denis, was the object of universal admiration. Nocé fell in love, and resolved to carry her off. One night, aided by friends, he placed a ladder beneath her window, broke a pane, entered, wrapped the young girl in her bedclothes, and descended to the street. Struggling violently, Therese succeeded in freeing her head, and shrieked. The Horse Watch came up, and Nocé was arrested with the girl in his arms. In an hour after he was at the Bastille. Nocé tried to make good his influence; but the king, guided by Madame de Maintenon, stood firm, and the parents of Therese were allowed to prosecute. Michault, now a leading man at the bar, heard of the affair, and rushed to the Bastille, where he was received with open arms by the young count. Nocé had no hope, but he gave up his case to Michault. The lawyer hastened to the Rue St Denis, and ad-

* This Court of Miracles was near the Porte St Denis, where now stand the Rue St Polé, and numerous other streets.

dressed the parents of Therese thus:—'The Count de Nocé is in the hands of justice; he merits his fate, and I neither come to defend his insolence nor his crime. But what are you about to do? To aggravate a scandalous fact by a scandalous trial. A verdict will be yours; but will this verdict repay the shame of a public examination of your child before the judges. Withdraw your prosecution. Content yourself with receiving the excuses in open court of Count Nocé before ten nobles and ten citizens.' The parents seemed moved. Michault continued, 'I am a lawyer, acting for a friend who wishes to give reparation. M. Perier,' addressing the father, 'you shall be *echevin* at the first vacancy. Here is the written promise of the provost and the governor of Paris. You have a nephew *curé* of the little parish of St Pierre-aux-Bœufs; here is his nomination as *curé* of St Gervais. Besides, I beg to present to you your brevet as embroiderer to the House of Orleans.' Before Michault withdrew, he had their withdrawal of the prosecution in his pocket; and next year Therese became Countess-Palatine Stanislas-Lubomiska de Bandonier: she lived universally admired in Poland for sixty years afterwards. In 1715 Nocé proved his gratitude—Michault became lieutenant of police. He was, however, very incapable, and was speedily replaced by Pierre-Marc Voyer D'Argenson.

This lieutenant did much for Paris. The depraved manners of the upper classes he was compelled to wink at, encouraged as the bad state of morals was by the regent. But while the aristocratic vagabonds of the Palais-Royal and La Muette were allowed to beat the watch, insult women, and break lamps, Voyer D'Argenson made pitiless war on the thieves and poor rogues. Thousands of sham marquesses and counts went to prison, and all the scum of the capital found themselves under strict regulations. The splendid Boulevards were then dismal muddy ramparts, unsafe after dark: D'Argenson lighted them from the Porte St Honoré to the Porte St Denis, and built guardhouses every 1500 yards. The result was great. More severe than his father, he punished a fault similar to that committed by Nocé with two years' residence in the Bastille. Teschereau, his successor, had a mania for knowing all that was going on in every house in Paris. He hired regular spies, he bribed barbers, coachmen, porters, servants, clerks, and persons of the lowest description; he authorised gambling-houses, fencing-schools, and every other receptacle of vice, and spread corruption while pretending to use the means of repression. His great object was to know the secrets of families, and to have stated haunts for vagabonds, that he might easily find them. Ravot d'Ombreval, an austere, classical student, who followed him, endeavoured to introduce rules copied from the ancient republics of Greece and Rome. Some were failures, and only served as matter for the jokes of the court. But one was admirable. A gentleman was killed in a hired carriage. Ravot at once made a regulation by which no carriage could ply for hire without having a number and a license. This was the commencement of the present excellent cab system of Paris. But the ridicule of the court caused Ravot to resign, after having closed every house in which gambling was carried on. Herauld de Vaucresson, his successor, began well. Until about 1730, Paris was a labyrinth of streets without written names. Vaucresson was the first who placed names at the corners of the streets and numbers on the houses. His plan was to cut out the words in a stone tablet; and many old streets still retain durable evidence of the excellence of the plan in the presence of the very tablets placed on them by this lieutenant. He then removed all the receptacles for the filth collected in the streets to outside the city, and put an end to the stealing of bodies for the surgeons from the cemeteries: he almost cleared Paris of sturdy beggars and vagabonds; and died, after fourteen years of admirable administration, regretted by all classes of citizens save rogues and malefactors.

Feydau de Manille, who followed, began by starting

cheap and amusing theatres for the people, to draw them from the religious disputes of the Sorbonne. He then endeavoured to remove the slaughter-houses from Paris, the population of which objected both to the existence of these nuisances, and the driving of animals through the streets. But the ardent opposition of the butchers retarded this reform, which was carried out by Napoleon in 1805. After clearing many quarters of Paris, he built a splendid hotel and new quarter still called Feydau, and paved for the first time the quarters St Germain, the Faubourg St Martin, St Denis, and St Marceau. He so perfected the regulations relative to public vehicles, that not one robbery or murder was charged to the coachmen during his time of office.

Paris has always been disgraced by a vast number of carts and trucks drawn by men, which adds much to the mortality of the capital. Feydau tried in vain to abolish this system, and none of his successors have cared to try it again. Berryer de Ravenonville was too much of a fine gentleman to imitate his predecessor. The creature of Madame de Pompadour, he cared only to serve her. All the energies of the police were devoted to discover plots against the favourite, and to furnish her, from private letters broken open, stories to tell the king of his courtiers. Robbery increased; murders were committed in the open day; bands of thieves were organised; and yet the police took no care, until, in 1752, the nuisance had become intolerable. Berryer seemed suddenly to awake, and he resolved to clear Paris of its vagabond population. Men, women, and children, were seized and carried off to the Temple, and then sent off every day in bands of two hundreds to Louisiana without any form of trial—a peculiarly French system of justice and colonisation, two things even yet little understood on their side of the water. This summary process caused an *émeute*, beneath which Berryer fell. The disappearance of so many children created an absurd report that they were killed to make a bath for the Dauphin, attacked by paralysis. The people became wild with rage, rose *en masse*, attacked the hotel of the lieutenant of police, and were only prevented from killing him by his timely escape. Bertin de Belisle was his successor. He made some good regulations, amongst which was that which prohibited milkwomen, mountebanks, and others, from using drums and trumpets in the streets. Sartines was the next, and under his rule vast improvements were made in Paris. He used to describe his duties in three words—safety, cleanliness, light; and he went seriously to work to carry out his motto. He reorganised the watch; he established street sweepers; he replaced the little lights by large lamps; he ordered all doors leading to courts to be shut at nine o'clock; purged the commissaries of all the idle and lazy; reformed the theatres; and made Paris, indeed, safe, clean, and light. Sartines carried his spy system to a vast extent. Not only did he profess to know *all* that was going on in Paris and France generally, but to be aware of all important things in every European capital. One day he received a letter from Vienna informing him that a famous brigand, who had long desolated Carniola and Carinthia, was in Paris, and requesting that he might be arrested. Sartines replied that the brigand was not in Paris, but in Vienna itself, in such a street, such a house, and at such a number. The German police made the proper researches, and found the robber hidden in the place indicated.

A servant of the pope ran away from Rome, after having stolen from the *sacristy* of St Peter a great number of sacred vases and pontifical ornaments, worth a considerable sum. The papal government supposed that the thief had embarked in a French merchant vessel, and passed into Provence. The apostolic prothonotary sent a courier to M. de Sartines, in order that he might stop the malefactor at his entrance into France. The lieutenant of police at once sent back the courier, after writing on the back of his despatches, 'The robber sought for by the Roman police has not entered France. He is hidden at Civita-Vecchia in a Sicilian

bark, whose master is called Bartholemeo Fraudi; his intention is to go to Messina, thence to pass into Turkey. Be quick, and you will catch him at sea.' The pope, on receipt of this laconic missive, armed a brig and a galley, and succeeded in catching in the waters of Messina the Sicilian bark of the master Fraudi, which bore the robber and the rich spoils of St Peter. And all this wonderful information cost Sartines less than a bad management of the police, simply because he was honest.

Sartines employed repentant thieves and reformed convicts for purposes for which no one else would have proved efficient. Many persons reproached him with this, but he replied, 'Tell me of one honest man who will be a police spy?' He had particularly about him four ex-thieves—the cleverest—whom he called his aides-de-camp. One evening during a conversation at Versailles, much was said about the cleverness of robbers, when the Prince de Beauveau contended that no man who was careful could be practised on by a thief. 'If you will dine with me to-morrow,' replied Sartines, 'I will convince you of the contrary.' 'I bet you three hundred louis that you will not succeed,' Sartines accepted, and the prince laughingly observed that perhaps he would take his purse or his snuff-box, but that that would be nothing very new. The lieutenant of police informed him that he intended his cross of the St Esprit should be taken off his breast without his knowing it. The prince, somewhat startled, still expressed his doubts, and then invited all around to witness the winning of his wager. The dinner was splendid. More than a hundred guests were present. Courtiers, distinguished foreigners, authors, poets, crowded round the board. Opposite the Prince de Beauveau sat a Chevalier de Calatrava, attached to the embassy of Spain. The conversation was general—fine arts, literature, philosophy, were treated with tact and good taste by the brilliant assemblage. The prince, enthusiastic about Italian literature, entered into a warm discussion with the Chevalier de Calatrava, who quoted largely from Cervantes, Lopez de Vega, and other Spanish writers. At last both the prince and the chevalier got warm, and their discussion was degenerating into a dispute, when Madame Sartines held out a purse, saying, in a gentle tone, 'For the poor, my lord, if you please.' De Beauveau looked at his breast: the cross of the St Esprit had disappeared. The prince smiled, and glided a bill of five hundred louis into the hands of the fascinating lady of the minister of police, who himself handed back the decoration. Everybody now asked how the thing had been done? 'I should keep my secret for myself,' replied Sartines, 'but I cannot resist so general a demand. The task was difficult, tied, as the cross was, in so tight a knot. While Monsieur the prince was discussing with the amiable and learned De Calatrava, whom you will never again see at my table, another of my aides-de-camp under the table thrice drew his napkin off the prince's knees. Three times M. de Beauveau stooped to pick it up, and three times my rogue was master of the cross. But I wanted it, ribbon and all, uncut. At the fourth fall of the napkin the thing was done.'

This kind of police is so different from anything in English manners, that another anecdote of the same lieutenant can scarcely be passed over in silence. A magistrate of Lyons once said that he was sure he could enter Paris without the knowledge of M. Sartines. 'Don't be too sure,' said the lieutenant. Six months after, the magistrate had occasion to visit the capital. He recollected his conversation. He left Lyons mysteriously, entered Paris at night, and took a lodging in a false name in an obscure quarter. At dawn of day a livery-servant awoke him. In his hand was a letter. It was an invitation to dine that day with M. Sartines! But Sartines had other qualities besides having a hundred eyes. He was bold and humane, firm and charitable. A terrible *émeute* held possession of the Place Maubert. He marched upon it with a powerful force; and after presenting arms, whispered to a young

officer, who advanced to the crowd. 'Gentlemen,' said he, using the words whispered by his chief, 'we come here in the name of the king; but we have orders to fire only on *la canaille*. I beg all honest people to retire before we act.' In five minutes not a rioter remained.

Paris owes to this eminent individual the corn market, and a gratuitous school of design for the poor, fourteen fountains, the paving of half the streets, and many other things which testify to the utility of a good police. Lenoir, his successor, occupied himself with improving the prisons and hospitals, in the latter of which, despite the wealth of the corporations, four slept in a bed. Lenoir ordered that only two should henceforth occupy one couch, which was a great improvement. He regulated the food, which was too rich and abundant, and suppressed in the prisons chains and dungeons. Before Lenoir's time, six prisoners out of twenty-eight died every year; after one year of the new régime, only twelve in one hundred died. Cleanliness and wholesome food produced the change. In Paris nearly every child is sent into the country to be nursed. Before Lenoir's time, women went about from door to door seeking babies, and carried them off to far distant parts. As often as not they brought back a child of their own when the one confided to them died. Lenoir established a regular office, with strict surveillance over the nurses. He created a body of firemen, and stopped the abominable usury imposed by Jews on the poor, by the formation of the Mont-de-Piété, which lent money on pledges at moderate interest.

Andre-Albert did much, and was succeeded by Du Crosne, who was the fifteenth and last. To this man Paris owes one great improvement. From the time of Philippe-le-Bel, the cemetery of the church of Saints-Innocent, Rue St Denis, was a burying-ground. A dark gallery, with on one side shops of fashion, on the other a wall of bones taken from the cemetery, was a dismal feature of the scene. The cemetery was the fertile source of disease to the whole crowded neighbourhood. Du Crosne obtained from the king power to destroy this nuisance, and the remains of 1,600,000 bodies were so carefully removed under the auspices of able chemists, that no evil result followed. The church was pulled down, and the splendid fountain, which still adorns the spot, erected in its place.

The police, before the Revolution, it will be observed, did, on the whole, more good than evil. They were, it is true, the instruments of very bad acts; but had the government always chosen such men as Du Crosne and Sartines, there would have been little to blame in the institution. Like most French organisations, its faults lay in its arbitrary character. There was no legal line of conduct, no bounds to the will of the chief, who was always quite as powerful for bad as for good. In a future paper, an examination of the police since the Revolution will show that the change has not been for the better.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

COLONISATION AIDED BY LIFE-ASSURANCE.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN, the first living authority on assurance, has said of it, that 'though its theory has as yet only been applied to the reparation of the evils arising from storm, fire, premature death, disease, and old age, yet there is no placing a limit to the extensions which its applications might receive, if the public were fully aware of its principles, and of the safety with which they might be put in practice.' Two companies have just been formed in London to employ this grand principle, which has made arithmetic the best friend of humanity in advancing colonisation. How can this be done? The company purchases lands in the colonies. A proposing settler, with a small capital, takes out a policy of life-assurance with the company for, we shall say, £100. He settles on (say) one hundred acres of the company's lands, on the proviso of paying the company a certain annual sum till a certain period of his

life, when it becomes his in fee-simple, or till his death, when it will be the property of his representatives. If (say) thirty years of age, and he wishes that the farm should be his own in fifteen years, if he lives so long, he pays L.11, 8s. 11d. per annum; if he desires that it shall only come to his heirs, he pays L.7, 4s. 1d. per annum as long as he lives, and, though he die in the first year, these heirs will inherit the property without farther charge. The payment, as will be understood by those conversant with life-assurance, includes a rent for the land, to reimburse the company as landlord, and a premium of assurance for the sum assured, by which the purchase of the land is ultimately effected. The benefit of the system is, that a settler gets upon land without the necessity of laying out a large sum at once in purchasing it. He is enabled to reserve the bulk of his little capital to stock his acres, and to support him over the first difficulties—a matter of vast consequence to him. At the same time, as we presume, the company makes a profit upon both the land and the policy of assurance in requital of its outlay and its risk.

There can be no doubt that the scheme of the two companies, whose prospectuses we have seen, is theoretically correct and equitable; and that, with energy and good intention, it may be worked out to the vast benefit of the class of intending emigrants whose capital is limited. Recognising some names of high respectability in the lists of directors, we are inclined to look hopefully for results. One advantage, entirely incidental, will flow from the plan. The companies being presumably careful in the selection of their lands—for this is strictly their own interest—intending settlers will be able to go at once to their allotments, thus saving the large and often ruinous outlay which individuals now incur in choosing lands for themselves. In fact, by the simple expedient of a life-assurance company being brought to bear upon colonisation, it appears that we shall at length obtain, what has hitherto been so desirable, the help of intelligence and wealth to that business, free of any risk that the poor man may be victimised in the choosing of his land.

THE LOVE OF THE MINUTE.

Women certainly are fortunate in a turn for the microscopic or minute, and for those occupations which can be performed while sitting still, or which require movement in a limited circle only. Their *Clariassa*-like genius for weaving page after page of letter-writing, or, in other words, for that interminable piece of chequer-work, dark and formidable, the crossed-letter—ever extending it unsparingly in whatever corner the white surface of the paper shows itself, down to the crossed line of the last page—is quite an immediate blessing of Heaven; while their talent for forming friendships with birds and gold-fish—their craze for administering slop and flattery to the young of animals, as if they were young children—their incredible patience under an infliction of plants or flowers, over which they will sometimes meditate and regard as if they were endeavouring to pass the bounds of human knowledge, and to enter the mystery of vegetable life—and their great instinct for making themselves endlessly happy with the vast subjects of dress—are endowments which must be referred to the same category. These resources are their salvation in many strange situations, in which it would go hard, we suspect, with male faculties.—*British Quarterly Review*.

CALVIN IN GENEVA.

The most trifling slights and insults, such as most men would have overlooked with contempt, Calvin pursued with bitterness and acrimony. The registers of Geneva abound with instances, which grew more frequent and more severe as his power became more consolidated. In 1551 we find Berthelier excommunicated by the consistory because he would not allow he had done wrong in asserting that he was as good a man as Calvin. Three men who had laughed during a sermon of his were imprisoned for three days, and condemned to ask pardon of the consistory. Such proceedings are very numerous, and in the two years 1558 and 1559 alone, 414 of them are recorded! To impugn Calvin's doctrine, or the proceedings of the consistory, endangered life. For such an offence a Ferrarese

lady, named Copa, was condemned in 1559 to beg pardon of God and the magistrates, and to leave the city in twenty-four hours, on pain of being beheaded.—*Dyer's Life of Calvin*.

LINES WRITTEN AT KESWICK IN JUNE 1849.

NATURE awakes! bleak winter's reign is o'er,
The voice of joy is heard from shore to shore;
A thousand odours on the gale are borne
From blushing fruit-trees and the snowy thorn;
The calm blue lake is whispering to the beach
In tones more eloquent than mortal speech;
And where the sun sheds his most ardent rays,
Bright stars of gold dance in an airy maze;
And where the shadows of the mountain rest,
A tiny soil lies slumbering on its breast.
Woods fringe the lake in every green arrayed,
And I sit musing in their welcome shade.
The earth is decked with flowers of varied hue,
Gay as the dreams of hope, as transient too!
The wood anemone—that nun of flowers!—
Loves shady woods and unfrequented bowers;
Primrose and violet, gay furze and broom,
Scatter from out each chalice rich perfume;
The azure bluebells bend their graceful stems,
The fragrant cowslip every meadow gems,
The starry stitchworts 'neath each hedge abound,
And golden buttercups spring all around:
In sheltered spots or mossy bank is seen
A slender stem, with three bright leaves of green:
The flower a cup for fairies well may be,
When blithe they dance beneath the greenwood tree.
White, pencilled o'er, the sorrel: pale but gay,
Which—leaves, or flowers—are fairest who can say?
While oft we see in many a shady spot
The turquoise of the field—forget-me-not;
And pleased I watch that messenger of spring,
The gorgeous butterfly, on painted wing;
Black spangled o'er with scarlet, blue and white,
It wings from leaf to flower its mazy flight.
Sounds, too, are there—the hum of insect life;
With happy creatures earth itself seems rife.
The gush of streams, the ripple of the lake,
The ringdoves cooing in the woody brake,
Mixed with the dulcet cuckoo's voice, they float,
And every warbler adds a tuneful note—
A clear warm mist tumbles o'er hill and flood,
And scarce a zephyr whispers through the wood—
My mother earth smiles as she smiled before—
But bounds my heart with rapture as of yore?
Where is the thrill with which I used to meet
Young spring's advance, and trace her fairy feet,
When I, like nature bounding from the birth,
Tasted pure pleasure, shared the joy of earth?
Gone the elastic step, the joyous start;
The memory of its echo chills my heart:
The landscape seems unreal, sounds a dream,
And tears burst forth to mourn what I have been.
But still these tears are soft, this sorrow brief;
These are the tears which bring a kind relief.
A thousand soft emotions crowd my soul:
Alone with nature, far from man's control,
Who could be sad who looks on scenes like these?
Light in each sunbeam, hope in every breeze,
I learn to tread the dusty path of life,
Despite its sameness and its heartless strife:
Trees, flowers, and birds rejoice; then why be sad?
They whisper, join us! and I too am glad!

E. M. M.

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